

SPORTS TRAIL FROM NEW YORK

Charges that Corbett is Growing a Trifle Fresh For His Calling.

DICK BURGE RETURNS TO OLD ENGLAND

McAuliffe Will Work Gotham a Bit—The Quakers Club—Hall in Fine Form the Brooklyn and Suburban and Sports of All Sorts.

New York, Jan. 14.—While the harbor of New York during this week has been ice-bound, sport computed by actual happenings has been hidebound. All the bright and particular stars have been shedding their beams upon lovers of other cities, and comment upon their sayings and doings is all that is left to maintain a proper circulation of the blood days. It's a cold day, indeed, when the gentry can't find something to comment upon. They may have to dive into their "kit" for a "sweater" to keep their bodies warm; but that portion of their anatomy situated between the nose and chin is red hot all the time. Get together a well-informed party of sports and they will make an old maid's sewing society die with envy.

Champion Corbett comes in for a good deal of comment. His refusal to consider the challenge publicly offered him by Joe Goddard in Chicago is exciting no little discussion and opinions are divided as to the justice of the treatment which the Australian received. In poor Sullivan's palmist days he never turned a challenge off in this fashion. It was the more merrier with John and if he was a foreigner so much the better. Many are of the opinion that having issued his challenge in good faith and being prepared to back it up with his money, Goddard was entitled to consideration, and, in addition to this, having publicly insulted his opponent, it was Corbett's duty to defend his title to the championship. In putting Goddard off with the pretext that he must first try conclusions with Joe Johnson, the "Peter Jackson" before seeking to make a match with the champion of the world, Corbett is accused of seeking to avoid the contest and it is said that on one such occasion he declined to fight Charlie Mitchell, who had called him down in a public manner, on the ground that the latter was not a gentleman, and by whom he is said that Corbett has shown himself to be a fighter for revenue only and that he has no disposition to resent insults.

What Other Fighters Are At

Unless all signs fall there is a strong probability that the next world championship distance month fighter will sail for this side of the pond very soon with the avowed intention of arranging a meeting with Pompadour Mitchell. It is a question whether Corbett will consider Mitchell, with the odor of the treadmill fresh upon him, more of a gentleman than when he was a professional pugilist. Probably the \$75,000 purse may assist Corbett in his decision. In February Mitchell's friends say he will have a talk with Charlie and if he declines to fight, he will have much work to do in the past, which in nine cases out of ten never developed material result, that the fight is not a matter of the world's championship, but a matter of the world's fame. The result will be said to have kept him in good condition.

Dick Burge sailed for England today. He is expected to return in a few days to arrange the match with McAuliffe, but the question of weights seems to be conclusive against the Englishman. He cannot get down to the light weight of 135 pounds in any condition, and McAuliffe insists that this shall not be exceeded; a decision which Burge considers perfectly fair and just.

McAuliffe has decided to follow the example of numerous other distinguished pugilists and do a little something in the show business. To this end he has engaged Madison Square garden for the evening of January 25, and proposes to give a boxing entertainment such as New Yorkers have never seen before. When Jack says he is going to do anything he usually makes it word good and in the present case there is every reason to think he will do what he promises. Before appearing himself with twelve of his best lightweights in the country, all classes will be represented by some of the cleverest men that can be secured and the number of rattling bouts may be expected. In order to make the contest in which he will appear more interesting, McAuliffe agrees to forfeit \$50 to each man who stands up four times against him and whom he fails to knock out. The offer will no doubt bring on a host of challengers and there will be no end of men present to whom up the affair.

Coming from the number of complaints that have been made against the American Athletic union boxing and wrestling championship contest, Quaker City men hold the first mortgage on the world's word good ring. First the boxers of the Pastime Athletic club protested against the way they were treated, and now Hugh Leonard of the Manhattan declares that the wrestling end of the show was a farce. He says that the bouts were conducted with gross grossness of the rules, and he protests that they were not conducted in a fair or gentlemanly manner. It is understood that formal complaints will be filed, but whether they will amount to anything remains to be seen. Jim Hall has entered upon his training at Lakewood. He is in fine shape to begin with and will require careful handling to prevent his going too far.

Great Metropolitan Handicap

The New York Jockey club has achieved a distinct triumph in the conditions of its Metropolitan handicap. This rich stake, which is in every respect similar to the Suburban handicap, has obtained no fewer than sixty-one entries, being twenty-four in excess of those received for the Suburban race twenty-eight in excess of those received for the Brooklyn handicap. This large entry list may be ascribed entirely to the easy conditions of the Metropolitan handicap. The California crack, Wildwood, is in the list of nominations and it may be accepted as a fact that he will come here to take his share in the handicap. All the notable names of the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps are to be found in the Metropolitan, but more noticeable still is the fact that quite a number of 2-year-old horses come in the list. There is not a 2-year-old in either the Brooklyn or Suburban and the fact that they find their way into the Metropolitan will add more than ordinary interest to the decision of that stake. The other stakes of the New York Jockey club have met with generous nominations, including the Mount Vernon, the Harlem with 120 nominations, the Dubane with 80, the Van Vest with 92, Bolling-broke with 54, Vreeland with 73, Throng's Neck 42, New York Jockey with 89, Toboggan Hill 60, Cherry Diamond 62, Hudson River 60, New Rochelle 60, Long Island 53, All Breeds 41, Fort Schuyler 48 and Pocant 44. For the autumn season the Metropolitan handicap has received no fewer than 210 nominations, the Mount Vernon 162, the Harlem 121, the Palham Bay 68, the Manhattan 46 and the County club 38.

CONNELLITIES.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Lillian Kerr, daughter of Mrs. Hamilton Kerr, of New York, will take place in New York on January 15. The engagement is announced of Fielding Lewis of Virginia and Miss Lily Elliot, a daughter of Lieutenant Colonel George Elliot, United States army. Priscilla's Mother—Priscilla, your singing and your piano practice. Priscilla—Yes, mamma. What's the use of it all now that I'm engaged. Bishop Potter of New York has presented his newly married daughter and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Mason Davidge, with a fruit farm in Colorado, where they will reside permanently.

"Well, if this isn't the aggravatingest novel I ever read," exclaimed Maud. "It comes with you placing the ring on her finger and sealing the engagement with a long, lingering kiss. So I'll never know whether they married or not." Prof. George Seilkottach and Miss Bertha Bernama were married at Elizabeth, N. Y. recently. The professor is a noted literary man and linguist, speaking fifteen languages and the bride speaks four fluently. The marriage of Sir Philip Grey, baronet of London and Miss Cuyler of Baltimore, daughter of the late Patrick Cuyler, of the United States engineer corps, took place January 4. Sir Philip and his mother passed part of last summer at Newport and Lenox.

I have noticed one difference between the bonds of matrimony and the general run of bonds," said the philosopher. "The ordinary bond bears interest all its existence, while the matrimonial articles cease to have any interest, at least to the neighbors, in a very few weeks."

The marriage of Mrs. Cornelia Spaulding, daughter of Mrs. J. Spaulding of Orrington avenue, Evanston, and Leonard Nickerson Johnson, a professor at the University of Michigan and formerly a teacher in the Evanston High school, took place in Chicago last week. The University club of Washington recently blackballed a married man's application for membership on the ground that he never accompanies his wife to social gatherings. Though the lady is young and pretty and the home life of the couple apparently congenial, her husband studiously avoids taking her about with him.

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At the time I made the following entry in my Hall's scrap book: "The record of Beat George White, bare knuckles, London rules, in seven rounds, lasting seven minutes. Beat Starlight, the black champion, with twenty-two rounds. Beat Jack Slavin, with small gloves in five rounds. Beat Jack Mollay of Melbourne in six rounds. Beat Jim Nolan, in eight rounds. Beat Herbert Goddard in eight rounds. Beat Pete Boland for the middleweight championship in sixteen rounds. Young Mitchell had a forty-round trial with Beat Eddy Walsh in five rounds. Beat Hob Fitzsimmons in three and a half rounds about three years ago. This was the only occasion that they ever met for a consideration or a decision. Fought Jim Fogarty fifteen rounds, limited, and had the best of it. Fought a fight with a fisher. Fought Owen Sullivan, heavyweight, eleven rounds at Broken Hill. (All the preceding rounds took place at Larry Foley's.) Sullivan was given the decision, but refused to fight to a finish. Beat Tut Ryan of Melbourne in five rounds, and incidentally whipped five or six managers who were trying to get away with the gate receipts. Knocked out Dummy Maeo (heavyweight) in four rounds. Beat Dan Creedon in seven

MANLY ART AND WHEELING

Jim Corbett Tells Joe Goddard to Go Make a Reputation.

PECULIARITIES OF JAMES AND ROBERT

McElroy and Middleton Matched—Daily and O'Donnell and Moore and Hennessy—Breezy Wheel Budget and Questions Answered.

ORRBETT is having another inning, sure. All of his numerous claquers throughout the country are singing his praises for the mastery with which he mastered to their masters in the play in which he disposed of Joe Goddard in their colloquial encounter at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago last Monday night. After the customary salutations of the day, the quaint antipodean bluntly declared: "I want you to fight me."

There was nothing equivocal about that. "Great Scott!" ejaculated the supercilious champion, "why should you offer to fight me? Go and win a reputation for yourself, before you try to enter into competition with men of the first rank." Then the patriotic Americans who filled the hotel lobby to suffocation almost cheered the stars and stripes. Why they should ring in the old flag at an exchange of blows between two common prize fighters I cannot exactly see, but that is what the eloquent Chicago correspondents said they did and it was so.

Now isn't that a little bit strange that a man of Jim Corbett's altizze power of limb, and intellect too, should resort to the most eaten old chestnut in extricating himself from an unpleasant situation, such as that of his kind, and presumably his equal, too. "Go earn a reputation before you talk about fighting me," were the very words Patry Ryan used when he was asked to fight for a match nearly twelve years ago. "I won't fight any but first-class men."

That was the same old response used by the Big Fellow to Mitchell, Smith, Jackson and Slavin, et al., many a time afterwards, and now it has descended as a heritage to the young man who is now in the ring. Wasn't it a little bit gally, don't you think, for this gallas young champion, who has won three real fights in all his brilliant career, to throw in the towel at another excellent card which he was to have fought?

Goddard has fought as many fights as Corbett ever witnessed, and never met a defeat, and why isn't he a worthy opponent for the 7th of December? He is a man of the first rank, and it is a pity that he is not a more prominent figure in the world of sports. He is a man of the first rank, and it is a pity that he is not a more prominent figure in the world of sports.

That Corbett is perfectly right in refusing to fight anybody just yet is a fact which is not to be gainsaid. He whipped the man who was afraid of, and notwithstanding the fact that this job was a humiliation one, it cut no figure in the equity of his mind. He has no law to compel him to fight, until he gets good and ready, and considering the fact that they are now coming to him in carriages and other conveyances, it is a deprecatory pursuit as a source of emolument, until, at least, the procession of sumptuous vehicles aforesaid take another course.

The fight that is now interesting the general lovers of the manly art, is the coming one between Jim and Bob Fitzsimmons, and most anything that can be written about this precious pair is read with avidity. Under the name of Corbett, my first meeting with both gentlemen will probably fill in an idle moment.

Hall was in Omaha a couple of days about two years ago, and he was in the city from Gotham to Frisco in company with young Davies and Billy Woods. The Parson sent up to "The Big Office" for me to come over to the Paxton and talk to him about the prospects of matching Woods against Jack Davies, then of this city. I first glanced at the register, and my eye quickly caught the inscription: "Charles E. Davies, Chicago. Mr. J. Hall, Melbourne, Aus. Billy Woods, Denver, Colo. Room 25."

I went up and was introduced by the Parson, first to Woods, then to Hall, and had not been for the half-hour, the thing and his respect-commanding shoulders I should have been inclined to have jocularly called the latter a dude on first sight. He was dressed like a swell, from light-topped patent leathers to straw colored gloves and chimney-pot hat, white cravat and proper stick. His luggage consisted of three trunks, two of which were all filled with garments much more irreproachable in style and fit than anything I had up to that time seen from under the Southern Cross. In direct conversation with the tastes of men of his profession, his raiment was many removes from loudness—a sort of Mr. Gladstone's in get up and veridical, it was as clean as a whistle, and visits to these shores, before success and a big income made him insolent and disagreeable.

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